Harriet turned to Patricia and asked her how Eugenia was doing. Wonderful, she said. Lose one, find one.

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Harriet said Adam's relatives said he always had nice things to say about Emile Durkheim House. I reminded her that for the last year Adam had actually been needy. I helped him out as much as he'd let me. I bought him all of his cigarettes, a lot of booze, and occasionally gave him money. Once a week I slipped a carton of Lucky Strikes into his "Roots" bag, and often a bottle too. He liked "Wiser's" whisky. I said the really important thing was, he let me. He said he really appreciated it. So where were the relatives she referred to? A lot they knew. She wanted to plant a tree in our wretched garden, dedicated to Adam's memory. I thought a marijuana plant would have been more appropriate. A lot she knew, too.

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Head Office was Bedlam. It was suitably located on the edge of the old Thing Street Asylum's "catchment area." In reality its catchment area was the entire downtown core.

I called to get my separation papers. They were already 3 months late. They should have been processed automatically. I asked the woman who answered for the